

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE CASE OF THE

MISSING MARTIAN



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XXDX

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SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING MARTIAN

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THREE of Four

INTRODUCTION BY DOUG MURRAY

Why Jack The Ripper? All right. We've talked about Sherlock Holmes. We've talked about Martians and their war machines. Now, let's talk about someone real—someone whose identity still baffles the world's greatest detectives.

He roamed the streets of Whitechapel a century ago, killing six women in less than a year—and he didn't just murder them—he ripped them open. He called himself "Jack the Ripper," and he's gone down in history as the most famous serial killer of all time—and still, nobody knows who he really was.

Or do they?

Interest in the Ripper has always been high, growing higher as the centennial of his year came closer. Scotland Yard had long allowed scholars and writers access to their files on the killings, but there were rumors of another set of files—files sealed until 1992—that contained the true identity of Jack the Ripper.

Those whispers were confirmed when the Yard unearthed a "secret" file during a BBC television series in 1973. There was some new evidence in the files, but no revelation of the Ripper's identity. In fact, some evidence had mysteriously disappeared!

Letters (including the famous "Dear Boss" note), photos, notes by investigators, all had been lost over the years, taken by sovereign hunters in the force—or is there some other answer? Could there actually be a conspiracy to protect the secret of Jack the Ripper? What might have happened in the 1880's, when the Queen of England ruled supreme and her councilors would have done anything to prevent a scandal. Was Jack the Ripper Prince Eddy, the Duke of Clarence, as many have long believed? Or was he the Queen's own physician, Dr. William Gail? Perhaps it was the miserable Montague Druitt, the man who has increasingly been brought forward by documentaries and books. He is an attractive figure—especially since the Ripper murders ended immediately after he committed suicide.

Still, the identity of the Ripper remains a mystery—one of the greatest of all times—and

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THIS IS PROFESSOR CHALLENGER! YOUR LESSONS WOULD BE VERY USEFUL TO ME...

SHUT YOUR NOSE!



I'LL KILL YOU, YOU RESISTOR-CLUB!

NOT THAT EARLY, PROFESSOR!



AFTER ALL, THE ESSENCE OF JUSTITIA IS USING YOUR OPPONENT'S POWER AGAINST HIM!



IF YOU GET MY MESSAGE...

CHALLENGER STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, PREPARING HIMSELF FOR ONE FINAL EFFORT AGAINST HIS TORMENTER...



THEN HE REALIZED WHO HE IS...

...REMEMBER THE MACHINE! OUT OF REASON! ITS MESSAGE, ITS FANTASY!



IF HE CAN STOP JERRY BEFORE THE THING CAN TURN ITSELF AROUND...

HE CAN ESCAPE / LIVE ON-- UNTIL HE CHIPS AWAY CAN GET HIS HANDS ON THE THUMB OF MR. SHEDDOCK HOLMES...











MEANWHILE, ON THE
DESIREABILITY PLAN, IN
ONE OF THE CLOSEST
STRUCTURES IN
ENGLAND...



A GROUP OF
LATER-
DAY
PEOPLES
PREPARE
FOR THE MID-
SUMMER PARTY-
OO...



HAVE YOU SEEN ALL THE LIGHTS
AT THAT FARMHOUSE OUT THERE?
THEY'VE BEEN FLASHING ALL
RIGHT LONG! AND SUCH GORG
COLORE



YOU'RE RIGHT!
LOOK AT THOSE
ARMS!



WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE
THEY'RE UP TO?





OUR MONEY!
WHERE'S OUR
MONEY!

PAY US!
YOU PRO
MISED!

POOR, DEVILESS!
IT IS TIME TO SETTLE
MATTERS WITH ALL
OF YOU!



AND IF THESE
DEVICES WORK
AS I THINK
THEY WILL...



YES! THE TENTACLES
WILL JUST GO! IF I
MOVE THEM JUST TO
THE LEFT OR RIGHT...



PROFESSOR SCIENTIST'S
RESEARCHERS START TO
MOVE THEIR SUBJECT WATCHES
CLOSE, LIGHTS GO ON A LAMP
NOW FILLS THE OLD BRICK...

THE SCIENTISTS BEGIN
TO REALIZE THAT THEY
HAVE MADE A SERIOUS
MISTAKE...



MOMENTARY TRIES A DIFFERENT CONTROL, HE HEARS A NEW SOUND, THE SOUND OF HEAVY DRIVING, TRUCKS UNLOADING THEIR CARGO...



SOME FLOORS FROM THE DRIVING SPEEDS THAT HEAVY TRUCKS FLOW TO FLOOR LEVEL.



KILLING ALL HAD TOWN EVEN THE SLIGHTEST BREATH.



IT WORKS! IT ALL WORKS NOW, LET US TRY THE NEW WEAPONS!



NEW MANIPULATION AND DISTURBANCE BEING FIRE, DISRUPTING LAB DEVICES, DESTROYING MACHINES...



OVERCLOCK SPLASH TO THE FLOOR, AND AS THEY DO THEY ARE FLYING ACROSS THEM...



THE LABORATORY BURSTS INTO FLAME, FIRE MOVING EVERYWHERE WITH THE SPEED OF THUNDER...



PERFECT AND NOW FOR THOSE BOOBS IN LONDON!



BACK IN STONEHenge, THE DRUIDS HAVE MOVED TO THE ALTAR STONE, POSITIONING THEMSELVES FOR THE MID-SUMMER CEREMONY...



ANXIOUSLY, THEY WATCH THE PRIESTESS SAY GOAT OUT FROM THE WEST END OF STONE...

CLOSE THE CIRCLE!

THERE! THERE IT IS! BEHOLD THE IN-CANTION!



AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING OF OUR RACE...



BEFORE THE PRIESTESS CAN MORE THAN START HER CHANT, SHE DISAPPEARS IN THE GLARE OF A BRIGHT SUN... A SUN SHE AND HER KIND HAVE WAITED FOR THE LIGHT OF THE RISING SUN...

INSTANTLY, HER BODY FALLS TO THE ALTAR STONE, SLIPPING WHILE THE OTHERS LOOK ON FOR A STUNNED SECOND...

They're really gonna go
ALL IN, aren't they...





BUT IT IS TOO LATE. SECURITY
IS DESTROYED, LEAVING
HE POWER AND BEST OF ALL, SCOTT'S
FOR GOOD...



ONE BY ONE, THE
LAST SURVIVORS
FINDING FALL...



UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE
LIGHTS OF AN INFINITE SERVICE
WHO HAS TURNED AN OLD-OLD
SCOTT INTO A MASS POWER...

WHILE BECKY IN LONDON
IN THE QUIET SOLITUDE
OF THE PROSELYTIC CLUB



BUT THIS IS A
CRISIS I NEVER
ANTICIPATED! IT IS
TOO SOON! I AM
NOT YET READY!



I WILL
NEED
HELP





AND PROFESSIONAL CHASERS HAVE
EXPLAINED THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF THE TRAIN, SAYING THE
ENGINEER STOPPED TO LEAVE THE
STATION.

DESTINATION:
LONDON.



LIGHT LORD
TONNY WENT
HAPPY TO
ALL THESE
NEW TYPES



THEY DIDN'T
COME BACK--
WHAT'S THAT?

SOME SORT
OF REFLECTION--
COULD THAT
BE METAL?



BETTER SLOW
DOWN-- IT MIGHT
BE BLOCKING
THE TRACKS.

HOWEVER I
WANT TO GO TO
STOP THE LOSS
OF MYSELF
WE'VE GOT NO
MONEY OR SUE
RECOVERED

IS ATTEMPTING AND CARRIE NOTHING ABOUT LIVES CARRIE NOTHING ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION HE HAS CAUSED



A BURNING AND CARRIE ABOUT ONLY ONE THING-- POWER!



POWER OVER PEOPLE. MORE POWER THAN EVEN THE STRONG ARCADE OF DEATH CAN GIVE HIM



TO GAIN THAT POWER HE MUST COME TO ITS HEART...



THE HEART OF ENGLAND...



AND SO HE TURNS AWAY FROM THE BURNING TOWER AND STUMBLES ON IN A NEW DIRECTION



LONDON 60

4 EASTDOWN

THAMES LONDON





COPI-THUNDERING MATHSON
IS NOT AT HOME, AND IS
DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE
WHITECHAPEL DISTRICT



NOT BY A LONG WAY

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING MARTIAN

INTRODUCTION BY DOUG MURRAY (continued from inside front cover)

many writers, including myself, find it difficult not to use a "Ripper" character when the opportunity presents itself.

As it has in this series.

Sherlock Holmes has battled the Ripper before—many times. One of Eternity's own series *Scarlet In Gaiety*, was a fine example of the sub-genre, cleverly combining a clash with Count Dracula and the Ripper in the same story.

In the cinema, Holmes has had two unforgettable encounters with "Saucy Jack." First, in a stylish and entertaining film called *A Study In Terror*. Just a few years ago, we got the lavishly-budgeted *Murder By Decree*, with James Mason doing what could be the definitive Dr. Watson.

Interestingly, *Murder By Decree* harkens back to the conspiracy theory, showing Dr. Gull as the main killer, backed by his coachman and London's higher-placed Masons—albeit without the consent or knowledge of the Queen herself.

Study In Terror doesn't go quite as far, pointing to the somewhat infirm son of a great Duke as the murderer, in some misguided stab at righting a wrong done his brother by a prostitute.

Of course, in the Centenary year, we got a fine TV mini-series, with the most in-depth and accurate portrayal of the Ripper murders to date—and yet another vote for the Dr. Gull/Conspiracy theory. Maybe the real truth will surface someday, but personally, I doubt it.

In any case, as a "fan" of the Ripper, I had decided early on to make him a part of this Holmes project. It would give me still another chance to write a character who had always fascinated me. Of course, there were a few problems—like the fact that my story takes place some twenty-five years after the last of the Ripper murders. Even if the killer had started as a young man, twenty-five years would make him a very old Ripper indeed.

No. I'd have to come up with some sort of alternative—some sort of pseudo-Ripper.

I always liked the concept of a female Ripper. This was Victorian England, after all. Women were second-class citizens, not really taken very seriously. Even after the Ripper killings started, the police were looking for a man. Any woman, even one covered in blood, could easily walk by a Bobby—he wouldn't even see her.

And this was Whitechapel, filled with women—nearly 2,000 prostitutes alone, according to Scotland Yard surveys. One more would make little difference.

Jackie the Ripper—yes, it might work. The physical evidence certainly doesn't preclude it, despite reports that it took "great strength" to perform one or two of the killings. I don't see any indications that they couldn't have been done by a woman—most of the protestations of the time are based on an overwhelming prejudice toward women as lesser beings.

Of course, such a prejudice creates other attitudes. Could a woman of that day actually do such a thing? Or would her upbringing make it psychologically impossible for her? Still, Jack the Ripper was a psychotic, and psychotics don't always think rationally—or follow the rules.

So Jack (or Jackie) the Ripper found her way into this story, and whether she is a killer, or merely some sort of dupe, we'll find out in part four. She's just a red herring anyway—something to add to Holmes' (and Watson's) problems, something to add a little spice to the puzzle.

After all, Holmes likes his puzzles—and so do I—or did I tell you that already?

Doug Murray
February 1990